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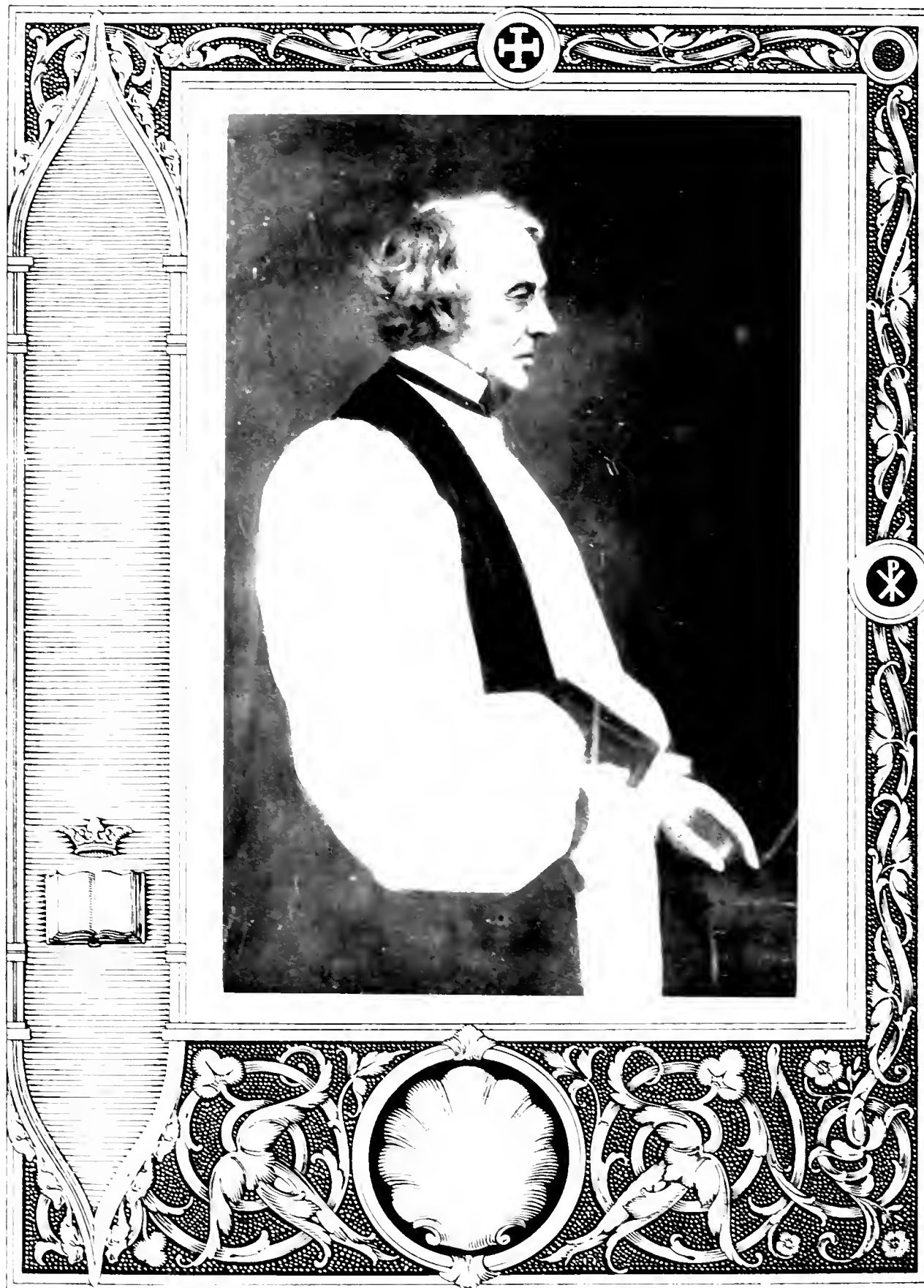












BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE OBSERVANCE OF THE  
SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF BISHOP KIP'S FIRST MISSIONARY  
JOURNEY THROUGH THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY TOGETHER WITH  
BISHOP KIP'S OWN STORY OF THE EVENT COMMEMORATED



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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
A PILGRIMAGE TO FORT MILLER . . . . .	5
A DIGEST OF THE SERMON PREACHED ON THE OCCASION . . . . .	13
LETTERS OF THE RT. REV. W. INGRAHAM KIP, D. D.	
I. LOS ANGELES . . . . .	25
II. FORT TEJON . . . . .	35
III. THE PLAINS AND FORT MILLER . . . . .	45





## A PILGRIMAGE TO FORT MILLER



SIXTY-FIVE years ago the interior of California was an almost unknown desert. Herds of antelope roamed over its untilled plains. Its mountain fastnesses had been penetrated by only a few venturesome explorers. The foothills, between the plains and the peaks, harbored a handful of white settlers who had been drawn by the lure of gold, or the amazing fertility of the river bottoms, but for the most part remained the hunting ground of bands of redmen, aggregating five thousand souls, perhaps, who gathered acorns and pine nuts and speared the fish in the shallows of the streams.

Clashes between the savages and the pioneers occasioned the planting of two army posts in this region: Fort Tejon in the pass which afforded exit from the San Joaquin Valley into Southern California and Fort Miller on the San Joaquin River, guarding the approaches to the Southern Mines. Substantial adobe buildings were erected by the government at each place, and garrisoned with a company of artillery. When the Indians, beaten in a decisive battle, sued for peace, the

treaty, to which the Chieftains of the several bands affixed their mark, was ratified on a plateau just above Fort Miller.

Between Stockton at the mouth of the Valley, and Los Angeles in the South, the only settlements were at these forts. Tejon was a strictly military encampment, but near Fort Miller, a village of about one hundred inhabitants established itself, and taking the name of Millerton, became the county seat of Fresno County.

In 1855 Major Townsend, of the Arsenal at Benicia, was instructed to inspect these army posts, and Bishop Kip embraced the opportunity to visit this raw country with him. The story of the trip was told in three letters to the *Spirit of Missions*, which are reproduced in the following pages. His journey culminated at Fort Miller where he spent ten days, officiated on Sunday, appointed a lay reader, and left in the conviction that the services of the Church would be continued. Within a few months of the Bishop's visit, however, the troops were withdrawn from the fort and, except for a brief period during the Civil War, it was never occupied again. The infant town of Millerton maintained its miniature but active existence for several years. It was a shanty town to the last, distinguished from others only by a substantial court house, now roofless, whose granite first story with its barred windows was a necessary adjunct to the saloons to which the Bishop calls attention. One learns with interest that the mason who built it was the first to enjoy its grim hospitality. When the Southern Pacific Railroad pushed its track through the Valley, the Millertonians with one consent picked up their *lares and penates* and migrated to the railroad, twenty miles away, there to plant another infant town, now grown to astonishing proportions—





*Louis Childs Sanford*



Fresno. In a short time a concrete dam will be thrown across the river at Millerton, and the remains of town and fort will be buried in the reservoir of a great irrigation project.

It seemed to the Convention of San Joaquin that before the landmarks should be obliterated some commemoration of Bishop Kip's first missionary journey ought to be made on the spot where he officiated. Accordingly, at the annual meeting of Convocation in May, 1920, a committee was appointed, consisting of the Very Rev. G. R. E. Macdonald, the Rev. G. G. Hoisholt, Mr. L. A. Winchell, Mrs. L. L. Cory, Mr. C. H. Miller and Mrs. H. C. Tupper, to arrange for a pilgrimage commemorating the sixty-fifth anniversary of the coming of the Church to the San Joaquin Valley. The efficient work of the committee was a labor of love. Most of the members were the children of pioneers and took a deep personal interest in the matter. When Fort Miller was abandoned, the land passed into the hands of the Hart family of Fresno, and for several years past has been leased as a cattle ranch. Because of the vandalism of irresponsible parties, the lessee, Mr. C. P. Roche, had been obliged to close his gates to all visitors. But he very cordially entered into the spirit of this occasion and not only threw open his grounds but his own house, which was the identical building in which Bishop Kip officiated; and to his courtesy much of the success of the pilgrimage was due.

On the morning of October 20th, under a cloudless sky, forty or more cars left St. James Pro-Cathedral, Fresno, with guests and representatives of the clergy and laity from all parts of the diocese. The procession followed back the trail over which fifty years ago the pioneers travelled from the

abandoned town. An hour's drive brought the company to the western opening of the quadrangle of the fort where the cars were parked in a double row, much, perhaps, as the military wagons were parked in earlier days. The clergy vested, and led by a crucifer and followed by a flag bearer who preceded the long line of lay people, more than the former population of town and fort combined, walked in silence to the upper end of the plaza, where, under an old fig tree, facing the adobe in which the First Bishop of California held his service, a chaplain's portable altar, used in the late war, had been set up on a pine table. In the open air, surrounded by a reverent group of clergy and laity, the Bishop of San Joaquin celebrated the Eucharist, and the Second Bishop of California preached from the text of Bishop Kip's first sermon on the coast. The congregation, accompanied by no instrument, sang heartily the familiar hymns: "O God our help in ages past", "Our father's God to Thee", "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun", and "For all the saints who from their labors rest." About one hundred persons received the sacred elements and at the close of the service the procession returned to the cars in the same order as at the beginning.

A little later, the plaza was covered by groups of people seated on the ground, who shared with each other the lunches they had brought with them, while an energetic committee of ladies provided coffee for all who came.

The day was concluded with a tour of the fort. Mr. L. A. Winchell, Vice-President of the Fresno Historical Society, whose boyhood had been passed at the fort, led the way from point to point, and interested the visitors with reminiscences of early days.



PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS



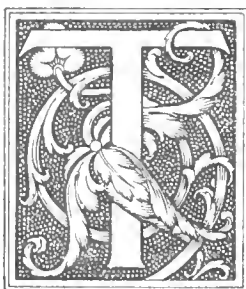
CELEBRATION OF THE EUCHARIST





“THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST”—I COR. 10-4

*A Digest of the Sermon preached on the occasion of the Pilgrimage to Fort Miller by Rt. Reverend William Ford Nichols, D.D. Bishop of California.*



HIS is the text which Bishop Kip seems to have chosen to point the purpose of his work in California. It was the text of his first sermon, preached a few hours after landing from the steamer, in Trinity Church, San Francisco, January 29, 1854. The sermon itself is probably not preserved. But in his “Early Days of My Episcopate” the Bishop quotes from it that “Commencing now a new era . . . it is fitting that these words should be at once my present theme and the type of what should be my message in days that are to come”. We may then find in it his message from his pioneering episcopate.

As we gather here on this pilgrimage, so happily conceived by your Bishop and Convocation, to celebrate the sixty-fifth anniversary of the first trip of the first Bishop of California through the San Joaquin Valley, an almost overwhelming rush of associations with such an event bids for the telling. But

the time, especially as you are a standing rather than a seated auditory, dictates rigid compression. Otherwise, we might dwell upon the whole of his itinerary through the valley after spending Sunday, October 7, 1855, in Los Angeles, as he stopped over Sunday, the 14th, at Fort Tejon, near Tehachapi, and came here to Fort Miller on Sunday the 21st. His chapter about it in his "Early Days" has all the absorption of the adventure for land experience of California that Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" has for the sea. Indeed a good heading for it might be "A Month *Behind* Army Mules". There is much of interest connected with the six members of the party, including a son of John C. Calhoun and Major E. A. Townsend, whose protection on his tour of inspection of the Forts was necessary for the Bishop in those days of bandits and outlaws, and whose hospitality the Bishop accepted as making the visitation possible.

The customary contrasts between then and now both in conditions of the country and the Church, also inevitably occur to us, such as the range of the lone sheep herder over barren plains then with the happy teeming populations and fields of "Wheat and barley, vines and fig trees, pomegranate, oil, olive and honey," now; such as the one Bishop, ten clergy, and less than five hundred communicants then, with six Bishops, two hundred and fifty clergy, and twenty-six thousand communicants in the State now. But we cannot do more than glance along the inviting vistas of such topics, and will only try to note and fix in our minds for wholesome appropriation, as far as we can, some of the genius of Bishop Kip's own theory of service as outlined in the text.

And for that working theory of his, it will suffice if without





*William Ford Nichol.*



entering into any general exposition of the text, we simply interpret its symbolism as meaning to him Christ, the succor in the call to service. The rock of difficulty was made to the Israelites of old the well spring of opportunity. The rock that depicted the very desolation of the desert of Zin was made to gush out with the waters for the parched lips of the people that were murmuring. There were signally taught in this two great principles of spiritual force.

First, spiritual force moves in the direction of the greatest resistance. This is a feature distinct from that characteristic of natural force which exhibits it as moving in the direction of least resistance. The windings of a river bed or of a cañon have been determined by some antecedent rivulet that turned aside from the obstacle of a twig or a pebble in its first tiny course. The lace work around the circumference of a hot spring is an illustration of a depositing side by side of particles of matter that the gently welling water circles around the rim as it moves where there is the least resistance of previous deposit. And the rock of resistance swerves the tide through a Golden Gate. The contrast of this with spiritual power is a determining of real character. The rock of challenge in the difficulties and obstacles of life is one for the smiting in a spirit of moving in that very direction of greatest resistance. Any occupation, and any demonstration of free will power shows that. The one who always tries to do the easiest thing is bound to fail. "The slothful man saith 'There is a lion in the way'." And the one worth his salt has many a time in business and in the home, to attack the problem and the hard proposition with all his might, just because it is hard. That spirit explains one side of Bishop Kip's pioneering. The old Latin

maxim is to the effect that "through difficulties we reach the stars".

The other great principle of spiritual power that is a veritable twin principle with this and goes with it in actual experience is this: When spiritual power moves in the direction of the greatest resistance, it also moves in the direction of its greatest *assistance*. The smiting of the rock by Moses started the water supply for thirsty Israel. The rock stroke of faith brought the very relief stream for the famished. Face hardship and free help. Strike the Sierras and gurgling waterways transform the San Joaquin Valley from a desert to an Eden. "Help yourself, and God will help you." That consciousness of the "Lo I am with you" of his Master, in a Presence of greatest help just in the time of greatest test of dauntlessness, explains another side of Bishop Kip's pioneering. Much we might say of the scholar and apologist for the Church in his many and much read writings, much of his fine gentleness with his noble bearing, much of notable events in which he shared in his episcopate of two score years. But his example for us as we gather under this glad sunshine today for our Eucharist and recall his visit here in the days of small things and big obstacles, seems winningly to contribute to our own spheres a most grateful and valuable reflection. Individually and collectively, laymen and clergymen, men and women in church and home and state, in which there are many tendencies to down-grade, easy going ways, it does give us a good deal to think of on the lines of those twin principles of spiritual power. First, that it moves in the direction of greatest resistance, and second, that it at the same time moves in the direction of greatest assistance. Can we not

go away from this memorable scene to attack with fresh inspiration just the cares and burdens that each heart knows as its own? Could there be a happier answer to that query which Bishop Kip put to us as "Children of the next generation?" He visualized the California Churchmen that were to come and asks, "When they are worshipping in splendid buildings and members of powerful parishes, how will they regard our early struggles?"

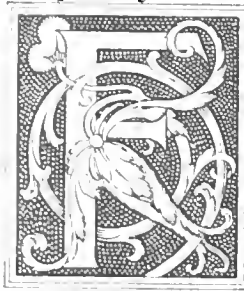
In speaking heartiest congratulations for myself and I am sure for all our Church people in California, who have inherited the fruit of the labors of the first Bishop of California, as I do my dear Bishop, to you and your clergy and laity, on this days' celebration, may we not call it our memorable Fort Miller pilgrimage? And as was the wont of pilgrims of old to choose some symbol as a badge, like the scallop shell or the Jerusalem cross, may we not wear on our hearts the image of a Rock, chiselled with the name *Christ*; of a smiting the rock; of a gushing stream; all to betoken our fresh devotion in using for character and service those precious principles of the pioneer text,

*"That Rock was Christ."*



## I. LOS ANGELES

*The following letters of Bishop Kip, containing the story of his journey through the San Joaquin Valley in October, 1855, appeared serially in "The Spirit of Missions" in February, March and April, 1856. They have never been published in any other form and are reprinted here by courtesy of "The Spirit of Missions."*



FOR MORE than a year I had been attempting to visit the southern part of the State, but was never able to do so. The unsettled state of the country, infested by the worst class of whites and Mexicans, often robbing in large parties, rendered it unsafe to travel except with a party thoroughly armed. Such a party I could not find until the present time, when Major Townsend, U. S. A., being ordered to inspect Forts Tejon and Miller, had to pass through the country, and I availed myself of the opportunity. Some other friends having offered to join us, for the purpose of seeing the country, we had a sufficient number for security. Besides Major T., my youngest son and myself, the party consisted of Hon. Edward Stanley

(late of N. C.), Mr. Jas. E. Calhoun (late of S. C.), and Mr. J. T. Smith of San Francisco.

My objects were, to spend a Sunday at Los Angeles, where the services of the Church had never been performed; another Sunday at Fort Tejon, where we have a lay-reader; another at Fort Miller, where there has never been a service; and, generally, to see what is the character of the southern half of the State with reference to future prospects of the Church.

I propose, therefore, in these three successive articles, to give an account of our expedition through this section of the country. The first will be our visit to Los Angeles; the second, our journey to Fort Tejon, and Sunday at that place; and the third, our travel over the plains to Fort Miller, and thence home to San Francisco. In doing this, I shall not confine myself to Church matters, but give such other statements with regard to the inhabitants and the physical features of the country, as will be likely to convey information desired by the many readers of this periodical.

*October 1, 1855.*

At 4 p. m., we were on board the steamer *Republic* for San Diego. The last time the captain and I voyaged together, we were wrecked in the *Golden Gate*, and I found, therefore, that he looked rather suspiciously at me. The fog was rolling in when we sailed, and no sooner had we passed the Heads, and struck the swell of the ocean, than we plunged into a dense bank, in which it was impossible to see for twenty feet. The captain says, he never went out in so thick a fog. At intervals, all night, the bell was kept ringing, and about three in the morning we were, as the captain supposed, off Monterey. We therefore came to, and as the sea was heavy, we

were left rolling in its trough for the night. At day-break the fog still continued, and we kept slowly drawing in to land until about ten o'clock, when it lifted and we saw the coast, so that we could enter the harbor.

We anchored as usual in the bay, when the boats came off and took us to shore. Monterey is unchanged since I had service here last year, in August. Everything is as quiet and beautiful as ever—a perfect Spanish town—and no apparent accession to the American population. I spent part of the time we were here in visiting the few churchmen. The last half hour on shore was passed with the Hon. Mr. Wall, collector of the port. Three weeks afterwards he was found a few miles from Monterey dead on the road, pierced with seven balls, and the gentleman with him also dead, a short distance off. They had been attacked by a party of five mounted Mexicans, who afterwards effected their escape. Subsequently, in attempting to capture them, Mr. Layton, another of our few churchmen here, was killed, with two others. I mention this to show the necessity there was for my being with an armed party in travelling in this southern country. At 3 p. m., we sailed, but the sea proved to be rough, and most of us were soon invisible. The rest of the day, and through the night, we were pitching about in that dreamy, uncomfortable state of being, afraid to move for fear of consequences.

*Wednesday, Oct. 3.*

The sea smoother, but the fog still dense. In the morning the captain found he had run too close in shore, and was near the spot where, last year, the unfortunate *Yankee Blade* was lost with so great destruction of life. During the morning the fog cleared off, and we got on our true course. At 1 p. m. we



anchored opposite to Santa Barbara. We went ashore in the steamer's boat, at most times a difficult business on account of the heavy surf. As there is no wharf, the boat has to be run up on shore, while the passengers watch their chance and jump before the wave returns.

Santa Barbara has entirely its old California population. There seem to be hardly any Americans settled there. Everything, therefore, is primitive and quiet. Their houses are all open as if they lived out of doors, and their agricultural implements, ploughs and wagons, scattered about, are of the same clumsy pattern their fathers used in Mexico a century ago. The town is about half a mile from the bay, and may contain about twelve hundred inhabitants.

A mile and a half back, on the rising ground, at the base of the hills, stands the old Mission of Santa Barbara. We walked out to it and found the same evidences of decay and delapidation which characterize all the California Missions. There is, as usual, an extensive range of buildings, once occupied by the priest, and terminated at one end by the large Church. Around were the remains of their vineyards and gardens with a few slight houses, about which some Indians were lounging in the sun, the relics of their once numerous bands of converts.

As we found there was a solitary priest still residing here and keeping up the services of the Church, we knocked at his door and brought him out—an old man in the coarse gray Franciscan dress. Calling an Indian boy, he sent him to unlock the church for us. It was like all the other Mission churches, with little to recommend it but its size, and having, at the entrance, the usual horrible pictures of Purgatory and Paradise. In the front of the building was a circular reservoir and a stone

fountain, now dry, with considerable carving about it. We found there was a succession of these reservoirs on the mountain side, each one of a little higher plane than the others, and connected by canals. In this way water was brought fourteen miles from its source in the mountains. Now, however, most of them are dry, their stone ornaments are broken in pieces, and the surrounding country, which the old Padres thus irrigated and made like a garden, is fast relapsing into former wildness. It is a lovely spot, however, commanding a wide view of the country and bay, and was selected with the usual good taste of the Friars.

We walked back again to the shore, and at 7 p. m., were again under way.

*Thursday, Oct. 4.*

About 7 a. m. we anchored opposite San Pedro (420 miles from San Francisco) and the end of our voyage. At the edge of the water is a high bank, and from this the plain extends far as the eye can reach. There are three *adobe* houses on the bank, and everything looks just as it did when Dana described it in his "Two Years Before The Mast," more than 20 years ago. We landed in the steamer's boats, and after a breakfast at one of the houses, a wagon was produced, to which four half-broken California horses were harnessed. The men hung on to their heads till the signal for starting was given, when they released them, and away they dashed at full gallop, our driver occasionally looking in to ask us "on which side we wished to fall when we upset." This seemed to be his standing joke, and one which I thought it not improbable might be realized.

The plains were covered with thousands of cattle and horses,

quite reminding us of old California times. In the 25 miles of our journey, there were but two or three shanties, erected by squatters, who were raising cattle, and not a fence or enclosure, except the *corrals*, about them. We reached Los Angeles in less than two hours and a half, having changed horses once on the way. As we approached the town there was a marked change from the treeless sterility of the plains. We found ourselves winding through the midst of vineyards and gardens, and on all sides saw the workmen engaged in the manufacture of wine.

*Friday, Oct. 5.*

Los Angeles has all the characteristics of an old Spanish town. It contains about 5,000 inhabitants, 2,000 of whom may be Americans or English. The houses are almost invariably one story high—a style of building which an occasional earthquake has rendered advisable. All around it is a perfect garden, luxuriant with every kind of fruit. We visited one vineyard, which, besides a profusion of other fruits, contained 50,000 vines of a large blue grape. Part of these grapes are each week sent to San Francisco by the return steamer from San Diego, and part are manufactured into wine.

*Saturday, Oct. 6.*

We availed ourselves of this day to see something of the surrounding country. We drove out about a dozen miles to the San Gabriel Mission. It stands in a most lovely country, but like all the others I have visited, is now in a state of decay. The single priest remaining here—a Frenchman, speaking no English—took us into the Sacristy and showed us the rich dresses, heavy with gold embroidery—the remnant of their

former glory, and probably brought originally from Spain. We entered the large Church once filled with their Indian converts, but now of a size entirely useless. Half a dozen children were on their knees before the chancel, who went on with their devotions without seeming to notice our party. The eldest was reading aloud from some devotional book, while the others at intervals responded. The thick stone walls of the Church were hung with the usual wretched pictures. Around the Mission is a country which, by the richness of its soil, could produce anything. It is well irrigated by little streams from the mountains, led through the fields by the labour of the old Padres. The only settlers, however, are the lowest class of Spanish Californians or Indians, whose little huts are scattered about, among which the children were running around in a perfect state of nudity. In the hands of our Eastern farmers, this country, with its perpetual summer, would become a perfect Eden.

About a mile from the Mission is a rich tract of wooded country, called the *Monte*, and celebrated for the luxuriance of its crops. Corn grows here to a height which would seem fabulous at the east. It is peopled by a wild class of settlers from our Western States, who have no religious instruction but what is derived from the excitement of an occasional Methodist camp-meeting. Besides this "no man careth for their souls."

On our way home we stopped at the vineyard of a gentleman, who is one of those most interested, in Los Angeles, in the establishment of the Church, and I describe it to show what Providence has done for this country. It is about five miles from town, the house standing on a rising ground, from

the front of which there is a view of many miles of rich landscape, much of it dotted with oak trees. His men were all busy in the manufacture of wine, and while some of them were bringing in the rich grapes in baskets, others, standing in the vats with their naked feet, were literally "treading the wine press." The proprietor receives \$8,000 a year from the sale of his wine alone.

In his vineyard, besides the grapes, we found a collection of fruit which I have never seen equalled in any part of the world. There were melons of all kinds, figs, just bursting, delicious peaches, pomegranates, tuners (the cactus fruit), pears, Madeira nuts, etc., all were about us. Strawberries are raised here through the whole year.

*Sunday, Oct. 7.*

Until within the last six months, there had been no religious service of any kind in Los Angeles, except those of the old Romish Church. As the preaching there was in Spanish, the Americans never went to it, and were without anything to mark the coming of Sunday. At that time the Presbyterians sent a minister here who officiated in one of the public court-rooms, while the Methodists erected a small building, and commenced their services. The latter place had been offered to us for our service this day.

We had service morning and evening—the first time our solemn Liturgy was ever heard in this section of the country. At the morning service there were about 80 present, and a much larger number in the evening. The next day just before leaving the place, I baptized the four children of a gentleman, whose family, at the east, had been attached to our Church. I found several such families in this place, whom I sought out and

visited. They are literally “Christ’s sheep dispersed abroad in this naughty world.” Before leaving, I had an opportunity of conferring with a number of the inhabitants. They told me, the persons present had been much impressed with the dignity and solemnity of our service—that neither Presbyterianism or Methodism could produce any influence on this population—but they had no doubt the Church could be established under very favorable circumstances. They wanted something that did not preach Nebraska or Kansas, slavery or anti-slavery, and was not identified with any of the *isms* of the day.

I have no doubt but that they are right, and that the *system* of the Church is the only thing which can produce permanent impressions. They professed to be ready to give a support to a clergyman, as soon as the right kind of a man could be sent. It needs a man, however, of zeal and energy, considerable pulpit talents and knowledge of the world. Our Church people at the east, residing all their lives in a settled state of society, have no idea of the difficulty of establishing a congregation from the conflicting elements of a population who have not heard the Gospel preached for years, who are living under no religious restraints, and among whom the religious element is yet to be created. It is a work of faith, of time, and patience.

Yet how many there are of our energetic young men to whom this would present a noble field! Where they would be the first heralds of the Church, and, instead of wearing out their lives in a severe and changing climate, they might make their home in one of the healthiest places in the world, where they would enjoy the blessings of a perpetual summer. It is

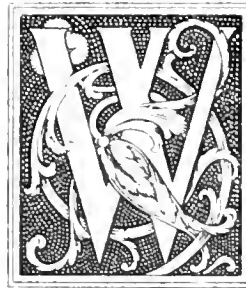
for this reason, perhaps, that the early Spaniards named it the city of Los Angeles (the city of the Angels); and I certainly have never seen a country which more fully realizes Bishop Heber's description —

. . . *“Every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.”*



## II. FORT TEJON

*Monday, Oct. 8.*



WE LEFT Los Angeles for Fort Tejon (about 100 miles distant), at 11 o'clock. Our vehicle was a large heavy wagon, for no other is adapted to the mountain passes through which our road leads. It was drawn by four mules, and we had a driver well acquainted with the country.

Our driver was also well armed, and the gentlemen with me had their rifles and revolvers. It may seem strange to an eastern reader to hear of a visitation being made with such accompaniments, but here there is no help for it. The country through which we are to pass—scarcely settled—is infested with California and Mexican outlaws, whose trade is robbery, and who will often down a traveler for the sake of the horse on which he is mounted. Our friends in Los Angeles warned us, when we got out to walk, as we should often be obliged to do, not to straggle off, but to keep together. Sometimes these banditti attack in groups, as in the murder of Mr. Wall which I mentioned in my last number. At other times a single Mexican dashes on horseback by the unsuspecting traveler.



As he passes within 20 feet, suddenly the lariat, coiled up at his saddle bow, is whirled round his head, and ere the traveler can put himself on his defense, its circle descends with unerring precision, and he is hurled, lifeless, from his horse. Then, too, in camping out at night, our rest may be invaded by a grizzly bear, as they abound on these mountains. They often exceed 1,600 pounds in weight, and have such tenacity of life that an encounter with them is more dangerous than with an African lion.

We had hardly got out on the plains, a couple of miles from Los Angeles, when, in descending a gulch, part of the harness broke, the mules whirled around, and we were only saved from an overturn by the snapping off of the pole. Nothing could be done but for our driver to take a couple of mules, return to town, and have a new one made. So there we were left for some hours with the wagon and other mules. I read or looked out over the desolate plains, while my companions practiced rifle shooting. About three in the afternoon our driver returned, and we made a new set-off. We shortly passed through a chain of hills, and then again over the plains for seventeen miles. Not a living object was seen for hours, till towards evening, the coyote wolves came out, and we saw them loping along with their long gallop, often numbers in a troop. Night closed, and we drove on some time in darkness, till the appearance of a single light, a long distance ahead, showed that we were approaching some habitation. After a time we reached some enclosures—the first we had seen since leaving Los Angeles—and found ourselves at the old Mission of San Fernando. The buildings are the most massive I have seen. Along the whole front runs a corridor, which must be

three hundred feet in length, supported by heavy square stone pillars. Some of the apartments are forty feet long, with thick stone walls and stone floors, reminding me of old castellated mansions in the south of Europe. We had letters to Don Andreas Pico, the present owner of the mission, and as he was absent, presented them to his Major-Domo. Two or three other travellers arrived late at night from different directions. One of them—a specimen of the varied characters to be met with here—was a Scotchman, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, who had been mining for some years in South America, and was now seeking his fortune in this new land. He arrived almost exhausted, having had no food or water for twenty-four hours. His horse had given out in the mountains, and pursuing his way on foot, he suddenly saw a huge grizzly in the path before him. Afraid to fire at him, he unslung his tin prospecting pan, and drawing his ramrod, commenced a clatter on the pan, which soon drove the grizzly off.

We had a regular Spanish supper, olla podrida (beef with red peppers and onions), frijolas and tortelas, with native wine. At night we were all put in a room 40 feet long, with one bed in the corner. This, two of the party occupied, and the rest wrapped themselves in their blankets on the stone floor.

*Tuesday, Oct. 9.*

We were up at dawn, expecting to be off early, but were detained an hour for breakfast. Our morning ablutions were performed at a little stream in front of the door, which the old padres had led there to irrigate the gardens. We availed ourselves of this delay to inspect the buildings. The church is like all other Mission churches, with one peculiarity. One

wall forms one side of a quadrangle, the other three sides of which are buildings about ten feet high. This space was formerly used for bull-fights, and the spectators were accommodated on the roofs of these buildings. There are two very extensive vineyards, abounding also with other kinds of fruit. The grapes here are said to be of a finer flavour than those of Los Angeles. The workmen at the mills were making wine at the time.

We had a Spanish breakfast exactly similar to our supper the night before. Upon offering to pay the Major Domo, he refused to receive anything. We then urged him to take a present for himself, but he said, "No, when strangers come along, if they make me a present, I receive it, but not from the friends of Don Andreas." And all this was announced with the highest Castilian manner.

It was seven o'clock before we left the Mission, and after proceeding a few miles, reached the San Fernando Pass, where the road had been cut through a deep defile in the mountains. Here we had to get out and walk, and the scenery was the wildest I have seen since I crossed the Alps. How our heavy wagon was to get over was a marvel to us. At one place was a ledge of rocks almost perpendicular, about four feet high, down which it plunged, as if it would turn over and crush the mules, while we involuntarily held our breath as we looked on. In the pass, a couple of Indians on horseback met us as we were walking, and were loud in their demands for money, till some one of the gentlemen allowed their arms to be seen, when their tone was moderated considerably. Had my companions been unarmed, it was evident they would have had no scruples about enforcing their wishes.

After passing the hills our course for twenty-two miles was over a level plain, at the termination of which we entered, what was stated to be the most dangerous part of our journey a cañon, or winding defile through the mountains, about seventeen miles long. It is a narrow pass, hemmed in on both sides by the high mountains, often allowing scarcely room for the wagon to pass. A small stream flows through it, which is crossed by the road more than eighty times during the seventeen miles. In addition to its being the resort of grizzlies, its fastnesses are the hiding-places of the American or Mexican desperadoes who are such a scourge to this part of the country.

We stopped just at its entrance, near the only house there is for twenty miles in any direction, to take lunch and rest our mules. A short time before, this house had become so notorious a resort for robbers, that the people from Los Angeles captured its inmates—two Americans and four Mexicans—and hung them by lynch law. As the spring at which we stopped was only a hundred yards distant, we noticed that the house had a new set of occupants, but did not learn whether its character had improved.

It was about noon that we entered the defile, the branches of trees often on both sides sweeping against our wagon, and long before sunset involving us in twilight. Many parts of it reminded me of our ride through the mountains on the Isthmus, from Crucis to Panama. Through the whole day we saw no human being, and did not wish to, as they probably would not be of the class we would like to meet. So on our mules dragged the heavy wagon, over the rocks and through the streams, while most of the way we walked.

We had intended to extricate ourselves from the cañon

before daylight ended, so as to encamp out on the open plain beyond. But when night came, we were still five miles from the end, our mules tired out and it rapidly becoming too dark to thread our way through the ravines. We, therefore, turned aside to a level spot which we reached, with the little stream on one side and high rocks behind us. A fallen tree furnished an abundance of wood for our fire, which was supplied with large logs to last through the night. Here our basket of provisions was opened, tea boiled, and reclining about the fire we had our evening meal. Then came the preparations for the night. Two of the party slept in the wagon, while the rest lay around the fire wrapped in their blankets. Rifles were fresh capped, revolvers examined, and each slept with his arms within reach. No regular watch was kept, as some one was up every hour to replenish the fire, and the mules picketed around would prove the best sentinels to give notice of the approach of men or wild beasts.

*Wednesday, Oct. 10.*

We were up before daybreak, and on our way as soon as it was light enough to see the path. We were obliged to walk the greater part of the five miles through the ravine. At last we emerged into an open valley, covered here and there with oaks. In this we found a company of Californians camping with several hundred cattle, which were scattered over several miles and which they were driving to the upper country to sell.

Where the valley expands into the wide plains, Elizabeth Lake was pointed out to us at a distance. It is about half a mile long, and lay glittering in the sunlight, exactly like snow of the most dazzling whiteness. On coming near we found it was without a drop of water, but filled with a deposit

of saleratus. Not far off was the canvas hut of a settler, the only house we were to pass in our day's journey, near which lay the remains of three bears he had lassoed and killed.

The plains here are about fifteen miles in width. As the day advanced it became intensely hot; yet we were obliged to push on until we could reach some water to prepare our breakfast and refresh our mules. About half past 10 o'clock, after traveling five hours, we reached a little spring, at which we were obliged to stop, as there is no water for the next fourteen miles. By damming it up we obtained enough for our wants. There was, however, no shade and no tree within miles of us. We all scattered, therefore, about the plain to pick up sticks, and the wagon was arranged so as to get as much shade as possible on one side of it. Into this we crowded, and our fire was built to prepare for breakfast. Some of our party were almost exhausted, but we found that hot tea, equally with sleep, merited the praise of being

.....*"tired nature's sweet restorer."*

It was a long hot drive all day over the plains. There was no timber, except in one place, for a couple of miles; the plain was covered with a kind of palm. We saw numerous bands of antelopes, but, frightened by our wagon, they kept at a distance. There was a dreary uniformity in our prospect—the same flat, scorched prairie. In one place we descended for a dozen feet, and passed for half a mile over the dry sandy bed of what was once a wide river. We saw no one, except a train of four or five wagons containing a party of Mormons going from Salt Lake to their settlement of San Bernardino, in the southern part of the state.

In the middle of the afternoon we reached the only water to be found for many miles. It is a small spring of which an Irishman has taken possession, as it is the place where travelers are obliged to stop. He has a canvas house of one room, and supports himself by his gun and by furnishing provisions to parties passing over the plains. A pile of antelope skins lying near the house gave an intimation of what our fare was to be, and we soon had a dinner of the meat cooked for us out in the open air. We camped out near his house.

In the evening a man arrived on horseback with another led horse. He proved to be a Mormon belonging to a party camped twelve miles distant in the hills, by whom he had been sent down for provisions. He was a perfect specimen of the wild, reckless, swearing class of men who infest this country, perfectly careless of his own life and that of every one else. Late at night, to our relief, he took his departure, and we heard him shouting and singing as he went up through the hills, "making night hideous" with his ribaldry.

*Thursday, Oct. 11.*

The stars were shining when we arose, and as there is no dressing to be done, it does not take us long to prepare for our journey. Before we set out, "Irish John" cooked a breakfast for us out of doors. In a few miles the plains ended, and we reached the hills, and then wound through valleys dotted with old oak trees, and occasionally a little lake. We saw, as the day before, frequent bands of antelopes. About noon we reached Tejon Pass, a valley hemmed in by mountains, and having at its entrance a large dry lake of saleratus glittering in the sun. The wind wafted up the loose powder from the surface, and it hung over it like a white cloud. The valley here is several miles

wide, and as we drove up we saw on the soft earth, through the whole length of our way, the tracks of large grizzlies who had preceded us. As we approached the military post our driver gave an increased crack to his whip and urged the tired mules to a spasmodic effort as we dashed up to Captain G.'s quarters, where he was ready to receive us.

The fort at the Tejon is on a little plain, entirely surrounded by high mountains, which give it a confined appearance. It is, however, a beautiful place, surrounded by oak trees. Under one of these, which stands on the parade ground, in 1837, Peter LaBec, an old hunter, was killed by a bear, and his companions buried him at its foot. They then stripped the bark for some three feet from the trunk of the tree and carved on it an inscription, surmounted by a cross, which remains to this day, though the bark is beginning to grow over it on all sides.

The barracks—handsome adobe buildings—are being erected around the sides of the parade ground. None of them are yet finished, and the soldiers were living in tents. The officers, too, were living in canvas houses, except one who had a small adobe building which is soon to be demolished. There are ordinarily about six officers and one hundred and twenty dragoons stationed here, besides the numerous civilians who are storekeepers and employees of the post. About a dozen of the dragoons are kept seventeen miles off, on the Reservation, to watch the Indians.

*Sunday, Oct. 14.*

There is no service of the Church within two hundred and fifty miles of this place, nor any religious service of any kind nearer than Los Angeles. It happens, however, that all the officers at this post are Churchmen—several are communi-



cants—and two of them have their families here. One of them was, therefore, some months ago, licensed to act as lay-reader, and our service has been regularly performed. My object in spending this Sunday here was, by myself holding service, to give in the minds of the men a sanction to that of the lay-reader—to administer the Holy Communion, which some of them have had no opportunity of receiving since they left the Eastern States—and also to baptize several children, whose families may remain for several years at this secluded post, without the opportunity of seeing a clergyman.

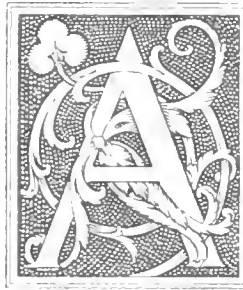
We had service in a large room of the unfinished barracks. All the officers and quite a number of the men attended. At the Communion there were seven recipients, besides the members of our own party. At noon I baptized at one of the officer's quarters, his child, which could not be brought out to service; and after the second lesson, in the afternoon baptized the child of another officer. In the evening I visited the family of a soldier who had died that day. He was buried early the next morning, his comrades firing their volleys over his remains, after I had read the burial service at the grave.

Thus ended my Sunday at this dragoon station. In addition to the pleasantness of our visit from the warm hospitality we received from the officers, I felt myself compensated for the toil and labor of reaching here, by the opportunity afforded of administering the solemn sacraments of our Church where they had never been witnessed before, and for the benefit of those who otherwise might not receive them from other hands for years.



### III. THE PLAINS AND FORT MILLER

*Monday, Oct. 15.*



ABOUT 11 o'clock we took leave of our hospitable hosts, several of the officers accompanying us on horseback for our first day's ride. We had the same driver and heavy wagon as before, with six mules, a guide on horseback and two saddle horses, so that some of us could always ride, and thus relieve ourselves and also lighten the wagon of our weight.

For the first few miles through the pass of the mountains the scenery was exceedingly wild, and the descent so great that we had to walk most of the way. The road descends 2,400 feet in five miles. From the mountain side we had a view of the plain stretching as far as the eye could reach, and in the distance, glancing in the sunlight, the waters of Kern Lake. Just as we entered on the plain we passed a small Indian village of about 40 persons.

We skirted the mountains about 12 miles, when we arrived at the Indian Reservation. Here we were obliged to stop for the rest of the day, as Major Townsend is ordered to investigate



FORT MILLER, FRESNO COUNTY



APPROACH OVER THE OLD MILITARY ROAD



its condition. There is here a tract of 30,000 acres set apart by the Government for the Indians, but at present there are somewhat less than 300 residing on it. At this season, however, the wild Indians from the mountains come down to unite with them in holding their annual Dog Feast, so that there are about 1,000 present. We passed them in groups, almost in a state of nudity, washing their clothes by the little stream which flows through the Reserve, and on reaching their grand encampment stopped and walked through it. Their lodges were arranged in a circle, all opening inwardly. They were lounging in the shade, roasting dogs and eating, while the greater part of those otherwise employed were gambling. The women particularly seemed to be so intensely occupied this way that they could scarcely look up to us. They sat in circles on the ground, and the favorite game was one with sticks, a foot long, thrown about like jack-straws.

We drove on about four miles to the residence of the Indian agent. He has a plain house, with a hall and room on each side, where he lives with eight or ten employees. A short distance from the house, on a little knoll, is the grave of one of his men killed a month before by a grizzly.

At dark we determined to visit the Indian camp to witness some of their ceremonies. Horses were provided for us by the agent, under whose guidance we went. There was just moon enough to show the trails as we galloped over the prairies, and long before we reached the camp we heard the sound of the Indian drums. We found them all very busy, fires lighted in all directions, and music, such as it was, sounding about. Some of the party tried dog's meat, but I was willing to take their report of it. This feast was in honor of the dead of the past year, and

on one day during its continuance they bury all the effects and clothes of the departed.

There was to be a war dance late in the evening by some of the wild Indians, which was to take place outside of the camp. A large fire was made, and we waited for an hour, during which time some of the more civilized Indians, who had been at one time at the old Missions, were singing songs. It was curious, however, to hear in how nasal a tone this was done, sounding very much like the intoning of the service by the old padres, from whom they had undoubtedly caught it. Tired out with waiting, I went into an Indian lodge near and threw myself down to rest. As I lay there, looking up to the roof above me, made of tula reeds, the only light being the glare of the fire before the opening of the lodge, and listening to the discordant singing of the Indians without, I could not help thinking how strange it was to find myself in such a situation in this wild country of the Pacific coast.

Hearing at last that the war party had finished painting and were nearly ready, we walked out in search of them. We found them grouped around the dim embers of a fire, so that they were hardly distinguishable, singing in a low droning tone, as if preparing their spirits for the task. After a time they rose, and repairing to where the large fire had been built, ranged themselves before it. The musicians, half a dozen in number, seated on the ground on the other side, began their playing, a rude chant, in which the dancers joined, accompanied by the noise of sticks struck together. The dancers were entirely naked, except a slight girdle round the loins, with a necklace of bear's claws, and a tiara of feathers on their heads. Their bodies were entirely painted, while their leader had a horizontal line

drawn across his face just below the nose, the upper half of the face being painted white and the lower half black, through which his teeth gleamed like those of a wolf. They had the appearance of demons more than anything else.

They commenced the dance, which was most violent in its character, so that the perspiration rolled down from off them in streams. It was a commemoration of the dead, and as those who died in battle were mentioned in succession, the leader went through the representation of their deaths, throwing himself down on the ground and acting the last scene with its struggles and exhaustion. Sometimes he threw himself into the precise attitude of the antique statue, "The Dying Gladiator," at Rome. As the dance went on, they seemed to work themselves up into an intense excitement, and would continue it, we were told, till morning. I confess I was somewhat relieved when late at night the signal was made for our party to disengage themselves from the crowd of Indians and get without the camp preparatory to our return. It was clear starlight, and there was something exhilarating in our ride, as for about an hour we followed the guidance of the agent over what seemed to us the pathless prairie.

Can anything be done for the spiritual benefit of these Indians? It is difficult to tell, as they are so migratory in their habits, seldom remaining together in large bodies for any length of time. The old padres succeeded with them because there was no outside influence to oppose their schemes. There is every variety of Indian tribe in this region, from the warlike Indians at the north and on the borders of Mexico, down to the Digger Indians, who seem to live a mere degraded animal life. Still, the experiment might be tried on one of the northern

Reservations, where a better class of Indians are collected. Intellectually these Indians seem to be exceedingly bright, and children taken into families as servants learn the English language with great facility.

The Indian agent entertained us to the best of his ability, giving one room in which there was a bed to myself and son, and the only other room to the rest of our party, who slept on the floor wrapped in their blankets.

*Tuesday, Oct. 16.*

We were up by daylight, and after washing at a little stream near the house, had breakfast furnished us at the agent's. After driving about six miles, we came to some springs called "The Sinks," where we found two men who had camped during the night. This was the last water we were to see for more than 30 miles, and here, too, we took leave of all evidences of human life for the rest of the day. Before us stretched a plain, scorched, dry, and apparently boundless, without a tree for miles. At a distance, during the earlier part of the day, we saw a lake, the borders of which seemed lined with bands of antelopes.

By mid-day the sun was burning hot, and we dragged over wastes of sand till our animals drooped, and we ourselves were almost exhausted. At noon we halted a few minutes to rest, though in the glare of the sun, and without leaving our wagon took such lunch as our stores afforded. Then on—on we wiled for the rest of the day. We met but one person—a Mexican on horseback. In the afternoon the ground became rolling, and as we dragged up each knoll we hoped to see some traces of the promised river, but before us was only a new succession of the same barren mounds. Our guide and driver began an animated discussion about the direction of the different trails, until we



feared that they had mistaken their way. At length Major Townsend, riding forward to the crown of one of the mounds, announced that he saw the river below. We found it was in a deep valley, with a line of trees through it showing the presence of water. We left the wagon to let it drive down the precipitous bank, and then walked half a mile to the Kern River, having traveled 33 miles without water.

The Kern River is about 100 feet broad, from two to six feet deep, and flowing with a beautifully clear stream. On the bank we found a canvas shantee belonging to a man who has settled himself here and constructed a scow with which, in the rainy season when the river is high, he ferries over any chance passengers. He warned us to be on our guard, as the Mexicans, some fifty miles above, having been driven out by the inhabitants, were dispersed over the country, and had committed a number of murders.

We crossed the river and camped in a grove of cottonwoods and willows, perfectly tired out. Never was the sight of water so grateful to us, and we now could realize the meaning of the Eastern description—"a barren and dry land where no water is." A good bath in the river, however, refreshed us, and after building our fire and having supper, we spent a pleasant evening reclining on our blankets about the burning logs.

*Wednesday, October 17.*

We were awakened before dawn by the howling of the coyotes about us, and after a few hurried mouthfuls were off before six. Late at night we had seen on the opposite side of the river a fire, showing that some others had camped there. At daylight they crossed, and we found they were two men on

horseback from the upper mines, crossing the country to Kern River mines. On the plains they had taken the wrong trail and wandered about all day, almost dying of exhaustion. As one of them expressed it, "starved to death for want of water." Providentially, late at night they struck the Kern River.

After leaving the grove by the river, we entered at once among the most desolate hills. Not a sign of herbage was seen in them—not enough to attract a bee. We met with no evidences of animal life through the whole morning, except a large gray wolf, which was stealing away between the hills. As one of our party said, it was "Sahara in mountains." The road (if such it could be called) was an old Indian trail winding through the defiles between these barren hills, and so little worn that most of the time we were obliged to walk to avoid the steep pitches. As the day advanced the heat became almost suffocating, as the hills excluded the air, while the reflection of the sun from their sandy sides made an intolerable glare.

Our guide informed us that at noon we should reach a camping ground where there was water. At that time we saw indeed a line of green trees in one of the valleys, showing a water course, but on reaching it we found it almost entirely dry. There were two springs near it, both so strongly impregnated with sulphur that we could not drink of them, so that we had to content ourselves with the hope of reaching White River in the evening. We saw, however, numerous places around where stakes had been driven into the ground for picketing animals, showing that it had been frequently used as a camping ground.

The journey of the afternoon was as oppressive as that of the morning. We were constantly passing deep gulches and over hills where we had to get out and walk. How often, when we

had taken refuge behind some rock against the heat of the sun, did we realize the force of that Scripture imagery—"Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land!" Towards evening a large grizzly was seen about a mile from us, among the hills. The two gentlemen who were on horseback, together with a third, mounted on our guide's horse, went off with their rifles to attack him, approaching from three points so as to distract his attention, as he would probably make a rush at the first one who fired. But Bruin, probably alarmed by seeing so many approaching, galloped over the hill and took refuge in a ravine, where he was lost to them.

At sunset we saw at a distance in the valley the line of green trees which marked the course of White River. Our exhausted animals seemed to toil on with new vigor, but our disappointment cannot easily be described when we found that it was entirely dry—nothing but a bed of shining sand. We had traveled 33 miles, equal to 53 miles of ordinary traveling. We crossed on the dry bed, and ranging up the bank for some distance, came to the canvas house of a squatter, near whom we camped in a grove of oaks. He had dug a shallow well, which was not a spring, but water oozed up through the earth, and was as muddy, therefore, as the usual water of our gutters. We procured enough, however, to make some tea, though there was none for our poor animals after their hot day's work, and after a hasty meal were soon asleep around our fire.

*Thursday, October 18.*

We were stirring long before dawn, and off as soon as it was light enough to harness, it being necessary to push on as fast as possible to procure water. The country was of the same

character as yesterday, sandy and desolate. When going up a hill, we discovered that one of the hind wheels was just coming off. The lynch-pin was gone, and we were detained while our guide rode back some miles to look for it. His search, however, was vain, and one had to be made from wood, though a poor substitute for the iron one, and needing constant watching. About 10 o'clock we found a spring among the hills, surrounded by a clump of willows, where, by building a dam across the little trickling stream, we procured enough for our breakfast and to refresh our wearied animals. After leaving this spot, from the side of a hill we had a striking view of the Great Tulare Valley. It stretched as far as the horizon, one unbroken, scorched, and yellow waste, with what seemed a single thread of green running through it, showing the course of Deep Creek.

A few miles on we met a wretched looking object traveling on foot on his way from the mines. He seemed almost exhausted, and we relieved his wants, as far as we could, by giving him something to eat and drink, and directing him where he could find the spring we had left. A couple of hours afterwards we met the sheriff with an assistant, who informed us he had been breaking up a band of robbers, some of whom had been taken, while others were still lurking within thickets on Tulare River, where we expected to encamp.

At noon we reached Three Creeks, but found it dry. A squatter by the river had, however, dug some pits, from which we procured a small supply of water. We passed through the same kind of country till the middle of the afternoon, when we saw at a distance the trees on the banks of Tulare River. We crossed it and camped in a grove of oaks. After a refreshing bath in its

beautiful clear waters, we had a visit from a Mr. G—, who had settled on the river near our camping ground. He invited us to tea, which we were most happy to accept, and we shall long remember the hospitality of these good people. Their house was but a single room, with a couple of beds in the corners, but they gave us a capital tea, at which they presided with a dignity not often seen in “the states”. We spent an hour after tea with our host, during which time he entertained us with adventures in the wilderness and stories of grizzlies attacking parties in the thickets by the river where we had camped. We probably that night were a little more careful than usual in keeping our fire replenished.

*Friday, October 19.*

On our way, as usual, by daybreak. I awoke with a feeling of illness which increased during our drive of 19 miles over a scorched plain. We at length entered an oak forest of the most splendid trees, having in it here and there small settlements of Indians, who were busily engaged in collecting their winter store of acorns. After going through this for nine miles we came to a stream called “Four Creeks” which we crossed and camped beyond among the oaks. It was but little past noon, but the next water being 18 miles on, it was too far for our mules to go that day. The woods here seemed to be swarming with Indians, so that we are obliged to keep a strict watch on our wagon.

My illness having increased, I lay down on the hard boards of the wagon, where I remained till sundown, thinking, in case I was to be really ill, what should I do?—two days’ journey from any settlement or physician. Life in the wilderness answers in perfect health, but not in sickness. Towards evening, feeling

better, probably from rest and abstinence, I crossed the river to a shell of a house which a squatter had erected on the opposite side, where we procured tea. The woman who prepared it for us was suffering from fever and ague, which is common on all these river bottoms. Her wretched appearance did not impress us favorably with regard to our night's rest in the open air in this malarious atmosphere.

*Saturday, October 20.*

Up before light, and drove about nine miles through the oaks to a solitary house where we procured breakfast. The house consisted of but one room, three of the corners of which were occupied by beds. The next 18 miles were over the hot plains—then about seven miles through the forest again, crossing several dry river beds filled with cobble stones, till late in the afternoon we reached Kings River, a bright stream about 200 feet wide. We forded it, and found on the opposite side a beautiful plateau covered with oaks. Two teamsters had camped there with their mules, who told us they were obliged to cross the plains we had been over, in the night to avoid the excessive heat. There were large bodies of Indians on the banks, whom we visited after our camping was arranged. They employed themselves in fishing and hunting, being exceedingly skillful with the bow and arrow.

Being out of provisions, we purchased some fish of the Indians, while Major Townsend and our guide forded the river on horseback, and riding up some distance came to a settler's house, where they bought some chickens and eggs. The fallen trees around us furnished an abundant supply of fuel for our cooking and fires through the night.

We had expected this night to have reached Fort Miller,

but found ourselves 30 miles distant. We had been mistaken in our calculations from the necessity of arranging our journeys each day with regard to the supply of water. Stay where we were, however, over Sunday, we could not. We had no provisions, and the air was so malarious, that we found the Indians about us, though born on the spot, were decreasing in numbers through the effects of the fever and ague. Nothing remained for us, therefore, but to push on next morning, and reach Fort Miller as early as possible, that a portion of the day at least might be devoted to its proper objects.

*Sunday, October 21st.*

We were up this morning by four o'clock, long before the faintest streak of dawn appeared in the east. After a hasty breakfast of sea-biscuit and hard-boiled eggs, we set off while it was so dark that we could not see the trail through the open woods, but were obliged for some miles to trust to the sagacity of the mules, leaving them to walk and find the path for themselves. After a few miles we emerged from the oak openings, when the rest of our way was, as usual, over the dusty, scorched plains. Between 10 and 11 o'clock we reached the hills overlooking Fort Miller, and walked on, leaving the heavy wagon to plunge down the steep hill side as it best could. We passed through the infant town of Millerton, on the San Joaquin River, about half a mile from the fort. It consists of some 20 houses, most of them of canvas, two or three being shops, and the majority of the rest drinking saloons and billiard rooms. The population is Mexican, or the lowest class of whites, and on this day they seemed to be given up entirely to dissipation.

The fort is situated on a plateau overlooking the town and

river. It is an artillery fort, and at this time had about 70 men stationed here. The service of our Church had never been performed here, nor had there been anything to mark the day when Sunday came. Arrangements were soon made after our arrival for the service in the evening, and a broad hall in one of the buildings devoted to the officers was cleared for that purpose. The officers attended and many of the soldiers, and after the Second Lesson I baptized the child of one of the privates. A beginning having thus been made, before I left the fort I licensed Dr. M—, the surgeon, a communicant of our Church, to act as lay-reader, and arrangements were made for having the service regularly every Sunday.

We remained at the post for ten days, resting from the fatigue of our journey and enjoying the open hospitality of the officers. Our arrangements were made to leave on Wednesday, leaving behind Major T., whose professional duties required him to remain for a few days, and one other of our party. Here, too, we left our wagon, for a small stage had recently penetrated as far as Fort Miller. It had only made two trips when we had occasion to employ it. It runs to Snelling's—about 70 miles—where we are in the region of the regular stage routes.

It came for us before daylight, and taking leave of our hospitable entertainers, we commenced our journey on the banks of the San Joaquin. About nine o'clock we stopped at a solitary house intended for teamsters, where for one dollar each we had a breakfast, but everything was so filthy that we could hardly eat even after our long morning ride. The drive for the whole day was over the same kind of country as during the preceding week—desolate plains varied with an occasional hill, and now and then a cattle ranch. We drove on through the whole route



without stopping, except to change horses, until night, when we reached Snelling's Tavern, a central point from which stages go up through Mariposa county.

The next morning the stage started at four o'clock, fortunately bright moonlight, which lasted till daylight took its place. We had half a dozen passengers, including a Chinese. After fording Stanislaus River we had another wretchedly filthy breakfast at a tavern on its banks. The country we passed through began now to show signs of cultivation. Oak trees are scattered park-like through it, and we passed rich farms, increasing as we approached Stockton. We reached there at 4 p. m., just in time for the boat, and the next morning awoke at the wharf in San Francisco, after being absent about a month.

Thanks to a kind providence, after all the dangers we had passed through, we reached home without a single accident, or any case of illness among our party. I was able to accomplish all I designed. Knowing the state of things at Los Angeles, I can now speak understandingly to any clergyman who can go there, and I trust before next spring some such will be provided. Forts Tejon and Miller will have the services of the Church regularly through their lay-readers, and need not again be visited for a long while. The remainder of the country we have passed through cannot evidently be settled for many years, and I shall probably, therefore, never again be obliged to travel the same route we did on this occasion.



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